

**LIVING WITH SATAN**

PILOT EPISODE

"HELLBOUND DENNIS"

An animated situation comedy

Written by  
James H Longmore

WGA # 1569676

Jameslongmore64@aol.com  
www.jameslongmore.com

LIVING WITH SATAN

FADE IN:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: A MODERN-STYLE TWO STOREY, DOUBLE-GARAGE HOUSE IN A TYPICAL AMERICAN SUBURB. THE GRASS AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE IS TALL. THE MAILBOX IS BURSTING WITH MAIL.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house has been uninhabited for two years. It is dusty and there are cobwebs everywhere. We see a fish bowl housing a fish so large that it cannot move. It stares forlornly through the murky water - a long, stringy poop snakes from it, spelling out "HELP ME". In a doorway hangs a baby door frame bouncer - in it, a baby's skeleton.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

We hear whispering voices, scurrying feet, glimpses of small devils scampering around.

FX: Key struggling in the front door lock, muffled voices from outside.

DIRK O/S

- why didn't you tell me you were  
still looking for Dennis?  
(annoyed, raised)  
And why did I have to find out  
accidentally?

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - DAY

We see MARGARET, DIRK, TINA, JUANITA and FRANCIS standing at the front door. MARGARET tries to unlock it.

MARGARET

(Voice raised)  
Accidentally?! How the Hell is  
searching through my cell phone  
when we're having sex  
'accidentally'?!

DIRK

We've only been married six months  
Margaret, and you're still paying a  
Private Eye to find your ex-  
husband?

(awaits an answer)

(MORE)

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Not one of your smartest ideas my  
love, especially after you've just  
had him declared legally dead to  
collect on the insurance.

MARGARET  
(glancing at the kids)  
Could you **be** any less sensitive  
Dirk?

DIRK is scratching his ass, sniffs his fingers when finished.

DIRK  
Eh?

MARGARET  
(struggles with the key)  
Dammit!

DIRK  
I should have known that something  
was wrong with our relationship  
when you refused to take my name!  
(pause)  
Just give me the key - I'll do it!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The tiny devils panic. They jostle.

WHISPERING DEVIL VOICE #2  
They're coming in!

WHISPERING DEVIL VOICES #3  
We have to go back.

WHISPERING DEVIL VOICE #4  
Simon, you're standing on my f\*\*\*\*g  
(beeped out) foot!

Two devils start fighting - slapping each other in a girly  
way.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - DAY

MARGARET  
**I** can open the door to my own  
house, thank you!  
(pause)  
And I didn't take **your** name because  
**you** changed it to **your** Porn Star  
name!(beat) **Margaret Thrust?**  
Really?

DIRK  
(playing for sympathy)  
It hurts my heart that you don't  
want to share my name -  
(sighs pathetically)  
- and I only checked your phone  
because I thought you were cheating  
on me.

MARGARET  
(laughs)  
Me!? Cheating on you?!(beat) You're  
the one having sex with other  
women!

DIRK  
(exasperated)  
I'm an **adult entertainment actor** -  
I'm **supposed** to have sex with other  
women!

MARGARET  
(angry)  
Not in our bed when I'm out having  
my IUD changed!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The key turns in the lock.

MARGARET O/S  
Got it!

WHISPERING DEVIL VOICE #5  
They're here!

WHISPERING DEVIL VOICE #3  
Shhhhhh!

FX: A fart from one of the little devils. Giggles.

The front door swings open, splattering a Devil against the  
wall. The remaining devils scamper towards the kitchen.

DIRK THRUST enters with MARGARET CROWLEY

DIRK  
(barbed)  
Home sweet home my darling.  
(pause)  
I'm sorry I can't carry you over  
the threshold Margaret, not with my  
back and you putting on those extra  
pounds. (beat) But hey, at least  
you're not as fat as you were when  
I first met you!  
(laughs)

Dirk puffs out his cheeks, lifts up his arms and pretend-waddles to indicate a fat person.

MARGARET

(irritated)

You know I can't help that I put on the pounds so easily - I only have to look at cake and I gain weight

DIRK

Perhaps you wouldn't if you didn't **look at it** with the inside of your mouth!

(laughs)

DIRK nudges the unamused children (TINA - carrying the Chihuahua - JUANITA, FRANCIS) attempting to share the joke, they roll their eyes. They all step into the house.

MARGARET studies tiny footprints on the dirty carpet.

MARGARET

Hmmmm, it looks like we have an infestation - I'd say it was a Bombast. Of? - Juanita?

JUANITA

Englishmen?

MARGARET

(sighs)

Oh, for the love of God, didn't they teach you anything at that school other than how to pass STAARS tests?

TINA

(smartly)

Bombast - the collective noun for a group of devils. Not to be confused with a **Legion** of demons.

MARGARET

(to TINA)

You make me so grateful that Juanita is the pretty one.

(pause)

I guess I'm going to have to call someone in to remove them.

TINA

Reuben's parents are exterminators, They won't mind helping out when they come over this afternoon. (beat) You've not forgotten that they're coming have you?

MARGARET

(she **had** forgotten)

Of course not sweetie - how could I forget? (beat)

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

It's **so** nice that you finally have a boyfriend. I was beginning to worry that you were going to grow wearing denim dungarees and driving a hybrid with a "**my** children have four paws" bumper sticker.

(to TINA & JUANITA)

Now, why don't the both of you run along upstairs and get reacquainted out your rooms?

TINA and JUANITA head upstairs. TINA leaves the dog with DIRK and MARGARET. DIRK puts his arms around MARGARET.

DIRK

Must be strange for you old girl, coming back to your old house, especially after the way Dennis just disappeared like that.

MARGARET shrugs off DIRK's embrace, walks to the dining room

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY

MARGARET looks up at the portrait above the fireplace. A photograph of her and DENNIS (making bunny ears with his fingers behind her head).

DIRK

So that's Disappearing Dennis? I guess you were less choosy in those days eh?

DIRK strikes a pose to show off his muscles.

MARGARET

Dennis was a good man Dirk. Not everyone can be a porn star like you.

DIRK

(gritted teeth)

Margaret. I am **not** a porn star, I am -

(strikes 'superman' pose, superhero voice)

**- an Adult Entertainment Actor!**

(beat) And model. And soon-to-be - mainstream-movie star. And now we're in LA - the world is my lobster!

MARGARET

(sighs)

This is not LA Dirk, it's Watson. LA is twenty miles North. Calling this place LA is like saying the Chinese only own a small proportion of American debt.

DIRK picks the dog up. It bites his hand. He drops it.

DIRK  
Ow! Your crappy little dog just bit me!

DIRK holds up his hand to show the tiny puncture marks in it. A trickle of blood drips to the floor.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
He hates me!

MARGARET  
Don't be ridiculous Dirk! Dogs can't **hate** people!

The Chihuahua trots into the kitchen, jumps onto a chair, onto the counter top, grabs the nozzle from the cake-icing bag. Comes back, pushes the nozzle into it's bottom, the dog writes "**F\*\*k YOU DICK!**" (blurred out) in poop in front of them.

DIRK  
(despondent)  
Oh, for f\*\*k's (bleeped out) sake - he's even spelled my freaking name wrong!

MARGARET stifles a smile, glances at DIRK'S hand.

MARGARET  
(unsympathetic)  
Make sure you put a band-aid on that. I have enough cleaning to do before everyone comes to dinner tonight, without having to scrub your blood off the carpet!

From above, we hear thumping noises, a loud, unearthly roar and a scream. MARGARET and DIRK run upstairs. DIRK'S blood soaks through the carpet, sucked from beneath. When it is all gone, we hear a belch followed by a giggle.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE, JUANITA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Juanita is standing on her bed in a panic. Tina sits calmly next to her looking at her laptop from which we hear sounds of violence.

JUANITA  
Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!  
There's something up here!

MARGARET  
(sighs)  
It will be your imagination again Juanita. Tina, have you been showing your sister horror movies again?

TINA  
It's not a horror film Mom, it's  
Chris Brown and Rihanna's sex tape.

MARGARET  
(said slowly)  
O....K -  
(despondent)  
- and you're sure it wasn't a  
possum?

JUANITA  
(near-hysterical)  
Of course I'm sure! It ran that  
way!

JUANITE Points to FRANCIS' room.

DIRK  
(macho, flexing)  
OK ladies, what this situation  
needs is a **real** man.

He picks up JUANITA'S hockey stick.

TINA  
You want us to go find one Dirk?

DIRK  
(self-importantly)  
There's no need Tina, you have me,  
Dirk Thrust! (beat) You gals stay  
here, I'll tell you when it's safe  
to come out.

JUANITA  
(mocking)  
But what if what if you get killed  
and you can't tell us when to come  
out? (beat) We'll starve in here.

TINA  
And there's no toilet.

DIRK  
Oh, for pity's sake. (beat) Just  
stay put, this thing **could** be  
dangerous - especially if it's one  
of those Bombay things your mother  
was talking about.

TINA and JUANITA look at MARGARET, shrug shoulders and shake  
their heads in a 'why-did-you-marry-this-idiot?' way.  
MARGARET smiles sheepishly and indicates with her hands that  
he has a large penis.

DIRK strides across to Francis' bedroom. MARGARET, TINA and  
JUANITA follow him. Pauses at the door, knocks.

TINA  
(smiles)  
Dirk? (beat) We were wondering -  
will you be going in as the plumber  
or the pizza delivery guy?

DIRK  
(fake laughs)  
I shall rise above your ill-  
considered sarcasm Tina.  
(shouts through the door)  
OK, I'm coming in now, and I have a  
large weapon!

TINA  
Boom chick-a-wow-wow.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE/FRANCIS' BEDROOM

DIRK bursts into the room. They both sit up, looking guilty.

FRANCIS  
What the!?! Mom!

CINDY-LOU transforms back into DEMON - a short, ugly, slimy  
devil.

TINA, JUANITA  
Ewww!

FRANCIS  
I thought she was Cindy-Lou  
Hankford!

FRANCIS throws up on his bed.

DEMON  
Er, actually, I *am* Cindy-Lou  
Hankford - she's one of my favorite  
transformations -

DEMON morphs back into CINDY-LOU

DEMON/CINDY-LOU HANKFORD  
Hey Poppa, how come I'm not so  
popular anymore?

Morphs into HANK HANKFORD THE THIRD

DEMON  
I am also her father slash manager  
and country star in his own right -  
albeit to a lesser degree - Hank  
Hankford the Third

Morphs into HANK HANKFORD THE THIRD

HANK HANKFORD THE THIRD  
Cindy-Lou, you're 21 now - you're  
just getting too goddamned long in  
the tooth to appeal to the middle-  
aged-guy-still-living-with-Mom  
audience.

(pause)

We're gonna have to start giving  
you 'accidental' wardrobe  
malfunctions if you're gonna stay  
in the public eye; nip-slips,  
sideboob, alighting vehicles  
without your panties and such.

(pause)

And if that don't work none, it's  
gonna have to be the anonymously  
leaked sex-tape. (beat) There's no  
easy way to say this Honey, but if  
you want to hang on to your career,  
one way or another, the girls are  
gonna have to come out!

(pause)

Give that a few years, then we're  
gonna have to start thinking about  
a leaked sex tape, cocaine habit  
and premature death to boost album  
sales just before ya go bankrupt.

Morphs back into CINDY-LOU.

CINDY-LOU

(upbeat)

OK Poppa-Bear, you know best.

Starts to pull her top down.

ALL

No!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

DEMON and FRANCIS are watching TV, dramatic music plays. We  
see the TV show over their shoulders.

TV V/O

(dramatically)

And now on Hades TV, 'House' in  
which The part of Doctor Gregory  
House is played by Professor Steven  
Hawking.

FADE IN:

INT. PRINCETON-PLAINSBORO TEACHING HOSPITAL - DAY

We see the 'House' team standing around a hospital bed. The  
patient in the bed is hooked up to a bank of equipment, but  
has no head.

As HAWKING/HOUSE 'speaks', the team are checking their watches, bored.

HAWKING/HOUSE  
-give-him-an-MRI-of his-brain-to-  
Check-for-Lupus.

TAUB  
And exactly **how** are we supposed to  
MRI his brain?

HAWKING/HOUSE  
Adams-check-the-patient-for-

HAWKING/HOUSE (CONT'D)  
-pheo-chromo-cytoma-and-start-the.-  
patient-on-a-course-of-tri-metho-  
benz-amide-prosto-glandin-and-anti-  
coagulants. In-the-meantime, -I  
will-continue-guessing-and-acting-  
superior-and-sleeping-with-hookers-  
whilst-looking-like-a-loveable-  
jerk.

DAVID SHORE  
(shouts)  
Cut!

DAVID SHORE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Steven, but your style of  
method acting really isn't  
conducive to the dry wit and  
abrasive personality of Gregory  
House - I had in mind someone  
less.....

TAUB  
Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis-y?

DAVID SHORE  
Yeah. That. (beat)  
When I said I wanted an eccentric,  
damaged Englishman to play Gregory  
House I meant that **other** English  
guy who was in Blackadder.  
(shouts)  
Casting!

MR. BEAN walks on to the set.

HAWKING  
This-gives-me-the-oppor-tunity-to-  
concentrate-on-my-Astro-Physics-on-  
Ice-Tour.

CUT TO:

INT. ICE RINK - DAY

A capacity crowd fills the ice arena. HAWKING slides into view in his wheelchair, out of control on the slippery surface.

HAWKING  
The-universe-is a-pretty-big-place-

The wheelchair slides across the shot, it crashes off camera: a wheel and a leaking colostomy bag slide into view.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

We hear voices at the door, see silhouettes at the frosted glass.

DEMON  
(to FRANCIS)  
That must be Tina's boyfriend and his parents, I should slip into someone more comfortable. I know Francis, I'll be your girlfriend, Chantelle, the most popular girl in school.

DEMON morphs into a pretty blonde girl in a skimpy cheerleader costume.

DEMON (CONT'D)  
HMMMM, perhaps we should set our sights a bit lower.

DEMON morphs into an ugly, overweight girl.

DEMON (CONT'D)  
No, no, no! I'm aiming for believable!

DEMON morphs into a long-haired, greasy, acne-riddled teenaged boy clutching an X-Box controller.

DEMON (CONT'D)  
And we're done.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

TINA stands on the front doorstep with her boyfriend REUBEN and his parents, the GOLDBERGS.

TINA  
You sure you guys are going to be OK with meeting Mom and Dirk? - they are **quite** religious -

REUBEN  
(laughs nervously)  
Of course we are Sweetie. Why,  
we're lapsed Cultus Satanas  
ourselves!  
(makes sign of the  
inverted cross)

She opens the door. They walk into the house.

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE KITCHEN- AFTERNOON

We see DIRK in an apron with a picture of a woman's naked  
body wearing strategically placed fig-leaves on the front.  
MARGARET is poised over the counter-top upon which lays  
JUANITA (wearing a white cotton sacrificial robe) - MARGARET  
is holding a sacrificial knife over JUANITA'S chest.

TINA  
(mortified)  
Mom! What are you doing?!

MARGARET  
Oh, hi Pumpkin, I'm just about to  
sacrifice your sister to the Fallen  
Angel, our Great Lord Satan.  
(to REUBEN)  
You must be Reuben?  
(to REUBEN'S parents)  
And Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg I  
presume?

REUBEN  
Howdy.

MR. GOLDBERG, MRS GOLDBERG  
Nice to meet you.

DIRK  
Hi, I'm Dirk, and this is my wife,  
The Whore of Babylon.

MARGARET  
Oh, let's not be formal. Call me  
Margaret.

TINA  
Mom! You are **not** supposed to  
sacrifice family members! You  
promised! (beat). This is sooo  
embarrassing!

MARGARET  
(calm/firm)  
Sweetie, you know very well that to  
raise Beelzebub from the fiery pits  
of Hell, we have to sacrifice a  
teenage virgin.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Do you **know** how hard it is to find  
a virgin over the age of 13 in  
California?

JUANITA looks awkwardly at TINA, eyes glance between TINA,  
REUBEN, DIRK and DEMON (MARGARET is the only one who doesn't  
know that JUANITA is a slut). (Beat)

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

DEMON  
Awkward!

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

MARGARET puts the knife down.

MARGARET  
OK, OK, I guess I'll just have to  
perform the invocation the old  
fashioned way.  
(beat)  
I'll be in the back yard.

MARGARET leaves through the kitchen door.

MRS. GOLDBERG  
(to DIRK)  
Tina tells me that you have a  
presence in the house that you need  
exorcising?  
(sniffing the air)  
Ah yes, my sixth sense is feeling a  
restless, evil spirit. (beat)  
But first, the restroom?

JUANITA  
There's evil in the bathroom?

MRS GOLDBERG  
No dear, it's Myron. We've had a  
long trip and what with his  
problem;  
(stage-whisper)  
Born with his prostate gland and  
his bladder the wrong way around.  
(beat) He doesn't know if he's  
coming or going.

MR. GOLDBERG nods, embarrassed.

FADE TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

MARGARET walks across the garden, 'praying'.

MARGARET  
(incantation)  
Oh great Lord Satan, Fallen Angel  
and bringer of chaos, Prince of  
Lies, tempter of the Christ Child -

We hear the sound of an electric screwdriver in short, rhythmic bursts. The top of Satan's head appears over the garden fence (**homage to 'Home Improvement'**), rests his hand on the top of the fence; where it scorches the wood.

WE HEAR THE SCREWDRIVER NOISE EACH TIME SATAN MOVES

SATAN  
Howdy there neighbor.

MARGARET  
(startled)  
Oh, hi Satan.

SATAN  
Hello Margaret. (beat) I was just sitting here on my back porch, with my kitchen door open, thinking to myself 'you know, you just can't have too many insects in your house these days'.  
(pause)  
I can't complain though - after all, I **am** the Lord of the Flies.  
(chuckles)  
A little satanic humor there.

MARGARET  
(laughs)  
Same old jokes eh? It is nice to see that things haven't changed while we've been away.

SATAN  
Nope, not a thing.  
(laughs)  
It's good to have you back Margaret I've really missed you guys -  
(wistful)  
- all those evenings drinking Bud and chewing the fat with Dennis, watching the ballgame, sitting the kids, borrowing power tools -

We hear the screwdriver noise.

SATAN (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
You know what I've missed most of all? I've missed you Margaret.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

SATAN (CONT'D)

Remember how we both used to  
chaperone the Heaven and Hell  
Homecoming Dance?

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT

We see SATAN, dressed in his sharp, bright blue suit, and MARGARET in a 1950's style, petticoat dress standing by the punch bowl. We see the angels along one side of the hall, devils along the other. All look awkward and shy. No one is dancing. "Zoom" by Fat Larry's Band plays.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CROWLEY HOUSE BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

MARGARET

It's wonderful to be back in the  
old neighborhood, but I don't know  
if I have made the right decision.  
(beat) This house is so full of  
memories, and I'm not sure if the  
children are coping.

SATAN

And the real reason?

MARGARET

(deep breath)  
Dirk's cheating on me. We've barely  
finished the honeymoon and he's  
having an affair.

SATAN

(wisely)  
But Margaret, aren't you still in  
love with Dennis? And don't you  
think about him every time you and  
Dirk are together? (beat) You know,  
*maritally*.

(pause)

Banging, ploughing, shagging, f-

MARGARET

- I got it Satan.

SATAN

(poignant)  
I would ask myself - who's being  
unfaithful to who?

(pause)

Whom. (beat) I'm not judging you  
Margaret, I'm just playing my  
advocate here.

(laughs)

MARGARET

You're right of course. There's not a day goes by without wishing Dennis would come home.

(pause, sigh)

Thank you for talking Satan, you're a true friend. (beat) We're having dinner tonight for a few close friends and neighbors - why don't you come by?

SATAN

Rain check? Jesus and I have a game of Monopoly to finish - we're playing the Sub-Prime edition, you're allowed to recklessly buy property when you're bankrupt.

(whispers)

I'm sure he's been cheating - my mistake I guess - never let the Son of Man be banker!

(laughs)

I was planning to come see you tomorrow. I hope I can count on your support for my campaign for chairmanship of the HOA.

(proud)

I've designed a pamphlet and everything.

MARGARET

Rain check it is then. (beat) What **IS** that noise?

We see SATAN stepping away from the fence, walks away, power screwdriver in hand, making jerking, robotic movements in time to its sound.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The house is dark, curtains closed. MR. & MRS GOLDBERG, TINA, JUANITA, REUBEN, FRANCIS & DIRK sitting around the kitchen table, in the center is a Ouija board. Each person has a finger upon the planchette, which moves slowly. MR. GOLDBERG writes down each letter the planchette points to. MRS GOLDBERG has her face raised, eyes closed in a trance.

MRS GOLDBERG

(serious, spiritual voice)

I'm reaching out to the evil spirit that dwells within this house. Make yourself known! Are you there? Knock once for yes, twice for no.

MARGARET enters

MARGARET

What **are** you doing?

MRS GOLDBERG

(annoyed)

I am **trying** to reaching the unhappy spirits that are infesting your home. Has there has been a great tragedy here in the past?

MARGARET

Yeah, Dennis and I lost the twins here, about ten years ago -

FADE TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see DENNIS and MARGARET sacrificing twin ten-year old boys on a satanic alter.

CUT BACK TO:

INT-CROWLEY HOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

MARGARET

That's why we adopted Tina and Juanita - so we could be a normal family again.

JUANITA

Shhh! The planchette's moving. I can feel something inside of me.

FRANCIS

Now there's a new experience for you. (beat) Not! And that's funny, because you're a slut.

TINA sniggers loudly.

MRS GOLDBERG

The spirits are talking to us - what are they saying Myron?

MR. GOLDBERG

(reads)

Flythyprut Gaggydroop.

TINA

Oh Dear Lord! We just had to get a restless soul with learning difficulties. Hello!? Knock once for dyslexia, twice for learning difficulties, ADD, ADHD, Autism or Asberger's.

FX: Three knocks.

A dark shape flits in the shadows behind them. The light dims, it gets cold.

MRS GOLDBERG  
Something's coming through. It's  
here,  
(panics)  
Oh my -

JUANITA has become possessed - her face lupine, cracked and malevolent, hands clawed. She leaps from her chair, scuttles in crab-like preternatural movements into the living room, hides behind the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE LIVING ROOM- DAY

A smash of glass as she crawls through the front of the TV.

TINA  
She's possessed! She's walking with  
preternatural movements!

JUANITA climbs up the wall, crouches in the corner of the ceiling.

FRANCIS  
She's crawling on the ceiling -

TOM BERGERON  
- she's doing the Rumba!

We see JUANITA in a spangled dance costume, dancing. (*she dances each style as it is called out*)

TOM BERGERON (CONT'D)  
And the Quickstep, the Jive -

BROOKE BURKE  
- and now the Salsa, with partner,  
popular overweight transexual Chas  
Bono!

JUANITA dancing with CHAS BONO who looks red-faced and out of breath.

BROOKE BURKE (CONT'D)  
I guess it goes to show just how  
far you can get in this business  
what you can do with only a famous  
mother, a bizarre skiing accident  
and gender reassignment surgery to  
work with.

TOM BERGERON  
I think you'll find the medical  
term for that procedure Brooke, is  
a - strapadictomy - that's  
(said slowly.)  
strapadictomy

JUANITA crawls, in jerky, 'possessed' movements back into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

JUANITA leaps onto the table, snarling and growling like a rabid animal. MRS. GOLDBERG puts her hand on JUANITA'S forehead.

MRS GOLDBERG  
Begone foul spirit! Leave this  
innocent girl's body! I cast you  
out into -  
(aside)  
Harah! You people don't have a herd  
of swine to hand?

DIRK  
(helpfully)  
Oscar Mayer bacon?

JUANITA bats MRS. GOLDBERG'S hand away with an unholy scream. Her head spins around, she pukes green goo all over FRANCIS.

JUANITA  
(demonic laugh)  
Funny, I don't f\*\*\*\*\*g (beeped  
out) remember eating that!

MARGARET  
Juanita! Language!

JUANITA  
(snarling)  
F\*\*k you, f\*\*\*\*\*g c\*\*\*\*\*g  
b\*\*\*\*d!(beeped out)!

FX: dog squealing in pain.

DEMON walks into the kitchen as alter-ego CINDY-LOU HANKFORD, holding a (unused) tampon.

DEMON  
Dirk, are you sure that's where I  
was supposed to stick this?  
(pause)  
(To JUANITA)  
Oh, hi Mom.

Everyone looks at DEMON in disbelief. He morphs into his true shape, stands there awkwardly, twiddling his fork. JUANITA leaps from the table, stands in front of him, slaps his head.

JUANITA/DEMON'S MOM  
So this is where you've been  
f\*\*\*\*\*g hiding all this time?!  
(to everyone)  
(MORE)

JUANITA/DEMON'S MOM (CONT'D)

He tells me he's '*popping out to buy fire and brimstone*', and I don't hear a damned thing for two years! **Two years!**

(to DEMON)

Well, Christian my boy, it's time for you to come home - you're breaking your mother's heart.

Everyone giggles.

DEMON

(shakes head)

I'm sorry Mom, I can't come home. Not ever.

(pause)

I stole this transformation fork from Mammon and he's gonna be pissed -

CUTAWAY TO:

A demon searching through his house as if for car keys, looking exasperated.

BACK TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY

DEMON

- and if he find's out it was me that took it, he'll punish me.

JUANITA/DEMON'S MOM

We live in Hell, Christian! What more punishment *is* there? Florida?

(laughs)

Please don't tell me that you're not coming home, not after what I've been through to get here -

(pause, points at herself/Juanita)

- her mainly. Next time I'll just Skype!

(sadly strokes his face)

My little man, you have grown up so fast I remember when we'd be out shopping and you'd need to go number twos like it was just yesterday - and how I'd hold you over the grating at the side of the road-

DEMON

Mom, I was fifteen.

MRS GOLDBERG

(voice raised)

(MORE)

MRS GOLDBERG (CONT'D)  
Leave this Earthly realm, unholy  
one! Return to Hell from whence you  
came!

JUANITA/DEMON'S MOM  
Whence?! Are you kidding me?! Where  
did you get this woman - Jim and  
Tammy Faye Bakker?  
(aside - to camera)  
We are so looking forward to  
getting our hands on **those two** back  
in Hell.  
(growling at MRS GOLDBERG)  
OK, OK, I'm not going to stay where  
I'm not wanted.  
(to DEMON)

(sentimental)  
You'll always be my baby boy, and  
remember that Momma loves you!

JUANITA grabs MRS. GOLDBERG by the chin, leans in close, face  
to face.

JUANITA/DEMON'S MOM (CONT'D)  
And you, you just f\*\*k me off.

JUANITA snaps MRS. GOLDBERG'S neck with a twist of her hand.  
DEMON'S MOM leaves JUANITA'S body. MRS. GOLDBERG slumps to  
the floor, body twitching, head facing backwards. MR.  
GOLDBERG and MARGARET kneel beside her.

MRS GOLDBERG  
(gasping)  
This house is clean.  
(smiles reassuringly)  
I think I'm going to be OK -

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MARGARET has her wine glass raised, making a toast

MARGARET  
- to The Late Mrs Goldberg!

ALL GUESTS  
Mrs Goldberg!

MARGARET and DIRK are hosting a dinner party. Dinner is at  
the coffee/dessert stage. DIRK is drunk and MARGARET looks  
embarrassed. Also at the table are ALICE and her latest  
boyfriend, KEITH; ALAN & NANCY; TINA and FRANCIS.

MARGARET  
(continues)  
And to Alan and Nancy, the best  
neighbors ever, to Alice, my  
lifelong friend -

DIRK  
(interrupts, slurs  
drunkenly)  
- yeah, and a great big Thrust  
Family thank you for coming here  
tonight to welcome us home even  
though not one of you brought a  
bottle.  
(to KEITH)  
Except for you, we don't know you.  
(pause)  
To friends!

All chink glasses together.

ALL GUESTS  
To friends!

NANNA ALEX enters. She has toilet paper tucked into the back of her bikini bottoms. KEVIN and ALAN openly ogle her; getting a synchronised elbow in the ribs from their respective partners.

MARGARET  
Nanna Alex! There you are! You were  
I thought you'd gone back to the  
retirement home.

NANNA ALEX  
You mean the 'Waiting To Die Rest  
Home for Confused Gentlefolk'? They  
make us sleep in coffins - saves  
them time when they kill us off.  
(pause)  
Nah, I went to take a dump -  
there's five day's worth of  
Whataburger just gone in your  
toilet.  
(pause)  
Oh yeah - Margaret, I blocked your  
toilet. (beat) I found the toilet  
snake under your bed and used it to  
break it all up -

NANNA ALEX has a large, vibrating sex toy in her hand. She switches it on, it buzzes.

NANNA ALEX (CONT'D)  
- it went down nicely after that.

MARGARET looks horrified. NANNA ALEX takes her place at the table. Once seated, she lifts up her pendulous breasts and drops them onto the table with a "thump".

DIRK  
(obnoxiously drunk, loud)  
Hey everybody, listen to this one!  
I heard that Francis' broke the Fat  
Chick Rule last night!

KEVIN  
I know this one!  
(reciting)  
The Fat Chick Rule: 'no guy, on a  
night out with his buddies, should  
approach a female with a BMI over  
30 before ten PM'.

Alice elbows him sharply in the ribs.

DIRK  
Pre - freakin' - cicely! Apparently  
this gal was so fat she even -fried  
her diet pills!  
(laughs)

DIRK makes an 'L' shape with thumb and forefinger on his  
forehead

FRANCIS  
Why can't you just leave me alone,  
All you ever do is pick on me! -  
(to MARGARET)  
- and **you** - you just sit there and  
let him!

DIRK  
Whoa! Steady on there coach! -  
(to all)  
- and I call him that because he's  
terrible at every sport - unless  
jerking off has finally made the  
Olympics.  
(grins)  
You know what this means buddy...

MARGARET  
Dirk! No!

DIRK pulls out the picture of the naked woman - gives it to  
FRANCIS.

FRANCIS  
You bastard!

FRANCIS jumps up from the table, a bulge visible in his  
jeans, he dashes off to his bedroom.

DIRK  
(shouts after FRANCIS)  
The woman in the picture is your  
mother!

FRANCIS O/S  
(horrified)  
OH MY GOD!

FX: FRANCIS throwing up.

No one laughs - awkward silence. Broken by -

DIRK  
Glass stomach, that boy.

NANNA ALEX  
(to KEITH)  
Who the f\*\*k are you? Shouldn't you  
be black?

ALICE  
This is Keith. I introduced you  
both an hour ago. You're thinking  
of my ex-husband, Derek, you met  
him at the wedding. He was African-  
American.

KEITH  
(whispering to MARGARET)  
How are you guys going to cope  
having her live with you?  
Alzheimer's?

NANNA ALEX  
Let me tell you something White  
Derek - I may well have Alzheimer's  
-  
(pause)(raised voice)  
- but at least I don't have  
f\*\*\*\*\*g Alzheimer's!

MARGARET  
(clears voice, changes  
subject)  
So Alan, Nancy tells me you're  
working on **another** screenplay.

ALAN  
(proudly)  
Yes I am Margaret, and this is  
going to be **the Big One!** It's my  
own interpretation of the Broadway  
musical set in pre-revolutionary  
Russia.  
(smug)  
Stop me if you've heard this one  
before -

KEITH raises his hand to interrupt, NANCY gives him a dirty  
look. He lowers his hand.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
- our hero is the same violin-  
player that we all know and love,  
bringing up five daughters by  
himself - only in my version, he's  
molesting them. (beat) I've called  
it "Diddler On The Roof"  
(sings)  
If I were a sick man,  
Yubby dibby dibby dibby dibby  
dibby dum.  
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum.  
If I were a pedo - phile.

Stunned silence around the table.

FADE TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

ALAN 'tings' his wine glass with his knife. The table chatter subsides.

ALAN  
I guess it's down to me to mention  
the subject that we've been  
avoiding all evening. (beat) The  
elephant in the room, if you will.

PAN OUT FROM THE TABLE TO SHOW AN ELEPHANT IN THE CORNER OF  
THE ROOM

The elephant stares at the party guests with sad, self-  
conscious eyes. It lifts its tail and poops.

MARGARET  
(sighs)  
I said dress **elegant**.

DEMON morphs from the elephant to his true form. He  
sheepishly takes his place at the table.

NANCY  
That is so awesome! You have a  
demon! Alan and I have been wanting  
one for years, I'm soooo jealous!

ALICE  
Cute. But he does smell of rotten  
eggs - sulfur I guess?

DEMON  
And **you** smell of cheap cigarettes  
and Nonoxyl-9 - Eau d' Prostitute I  
guess?

ALAN  
Ahem!  
(commanding voice)  
What I meant was - that not one of  
us has mentioned how much we all  
miss Dennis.

NANNA ALEX  
**I** never liked him, only grandson or  
not. Fat bastard.

ALAN

(sighs)  
And I think I speak for everyone  
when I say that we all miss those  
improbable - yet hilarious -  
situations.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK IN LOUISIANA - DAY

The Crowley family get out of their car. DENNIS points his remote at the car to lock it. The car makes the 'beep' noise. A bald, inbred local man sits in a rocking chair at the front of the store. He points **his** remote at his old Ford F150, it beeps twice. DENNIS makes his car beep three times; this escalates into a car-locking-beep version of 'Duelling Banjos'.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK IN LOUISIANA - DAY

Local guy straddling a naked Dennis, slapping his ample butt.

LOCAL GUY

Yo' gonna squeal like a piggy boy!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

ALAN

Yeah, in hindsight, probably not  
the best reminiscence.  
But, the most important point is  
that Dennis was my best friend in  
the whole world, and I miss him.

MARGARET

Yes Alan, we **all** miss Dennis.

DIRK

(slurring drunkenly)  
Hello! Second husband in the room!  
(to ALAN)  
We've all heard about your  
'bromance' with Dennis - you two  
sure spent a heck of a lot of time  
in your back yard; Brokeback  
Toolshed - is what I've been told!  
(laughs)  
Hey! has anyone else noticed that  
Alan is an anagram of -

MARGARET

- Dirk!

DIRK gulps his wine.

DIRK  
 Oooh, sorry your Majesty!  
 (laughs)  
 (serious voice)  
 Alan, you need to face facts and  
 come out already.  
 (laughs)  
 Look at you, so far in the closet  
 that Mr Tumnus has a restraining  
 order!  
 (laughs)  
 Hey! That's funny! You should put  
**that** in your f\*\*\*\*\*g screenplay!  
 (laughs)  
 And another thing, how come you all  
 talk about Dennis like he was some  
 sort of saint?! He abandoned you -  
**all** of you! (beat) And me, I'm the  
 one who puts up with -  
 (to MARGARET)  
 - **you** thinking about **him** when I'm  
 ploughing you, your smartass  
 daughter -  
 (points to TINA)  
 - the slutty one, and that loser  
 son of yours - your boring friends  
 (points around the table)  
 and this disgusting, living fossil  
 (points to NANNA ALEX)  
 - who, by the way, is not ever  
 coming to live with us - ever!  
 (to ALL/stage whisper)  
 - I'm not saying she's old or  
 anything, but she had a pet  
 tortoise that she raised from an  
 egg and it just died of old age!  
 (beat)  
 And another thing -

DIRK slumps onto the table, spilling the remainder of his  
 wine. Snores loudly.

MARGARET is embarrassed, mouths "I'm Sorry" to everyone.

Suddenly, two bloody, skeletal arms punch through the floor  
 (ref: Hellraiser). The arms drop down to pull up a visceral  
 thing from beneath the boards, dragging its wasted carcass up  
 through a bubbling mucus pool. A body takes shape. The body,  
 minus its skin, raises itself up on its hands from the  
 floorboards, raises its suppurating head upwards and screams.

CUT TO:

NANNA ALEX  
 Hello Dennis.

DENNIS  
 (stands up, he is in pain)  
 Ouch, hi Nanna Alex, ouch, hi  
 everybody, ouch.  
 (MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Sorry. No skin. Exposed nerve  
endings. Ouch.

Everyone looks at him.

MARGARET  
Dennis?!

DENNIS pulls up a spare chair at the table, sits down

DENNIS  
Ouch. Hey, look! So, that's where  
my gall bladder is! Boy, did I get  
that one wrong on quiz night?!  
(beat) I look like you did  
Margaret, halfway through your C-  
Section. (beat) Say, is that black  
guy still president?

All nod.

ALAN  
Hey man - good to have you back.

DENNIS  
Good to **be** back Alan. How's the  
screenplay?

ALAN  
Coming along Dennis, coming along.

MARGARET  
Never mind Alan's damned  
screenplay! Where the Hell have you  
been for the past two years. (beat)  
And what happened to your skin?

DENNIS  
Ah, this **is** awkward.  
(deep breath)  
Well, you know that promotional box  
of animal crackers that I bought?  
(laughing)  
Turns out that it was a mechanism  
for opening the gateway to Hell.

MARGARET  
You bought a key to Hell Dennis?  
(beat) Again?

DENNIS  
Yeah, it's funny how that keeps  
happening.  
(pause)  
Anyhoo, I waited until you'd gone  
out to get your weekly Brazillian  
Wax -that's the one where they add  
more pubes, right?

MARGARET  
No Dennis, that's the Mexican.

DEMON

Gotta love Mexican jokes - they're the acceptable face of America's racism!

DENNIS

So, I decided to open it the way I always open a new box of Animal Crackers - in the attic, surrounded by candles, religious, slash erotic artifacts. And, of course, the atmospheric bell music -

FADE TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE ATTIC - DAY

DENNIS V/O

So, one minute I'm trying to get the box of tasty treats open, the next, I'm being dragged into the deepest pits of Hell.

DENNIS sits naked in the attic, surrounded by candles. He fiddles with the puzzle box, an eerie bell tolls, lights appear between the lats in the walls. Suddenly, a myriad tiny hooks attached to chains fly out from nowhere - they dig into DENNIS's skin. He screams.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is looking in disbelief at DENNIS.

DENNIS

(lowered, mysterious voice)

It was just like in Hellraiser or every one of the eight increasingly less successful sequels.

(to TINA)

They still teach you that in school?

TINA

We studied it last semester - it's a great documentary.

(pause)

Did you actually get to meet Pinhead?

DENNIS

You know Tina, yes I did. Turns out that whole pin thing was a fraternity prank that just got out of hand.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

We see PINHEAD asleep in his bottom bunk bed, pins freshly stuck into his head, blood seeping onto his pillow. The other cenobites stand by the bed, one with a hammer and pins, another with a bucket of water. A dark stain spreads across the sheets.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

DENNIS points at unconscious DIRK

DENNIS

I don't mean to be rude, but who the f\*\*k (beeped out) *is* that?

MARGARET

He's my husband.

DENNIS

Oh, I see.

(pensive)

So - is there something going on between you two that I should know about? (beat) And I mean sexually.

MARGARET

Dennis, we've been married for six months.

DENNIS

I'll take that as a 'no' then.

(sighs)

It's ironic that it was his blood that brought me back from the dead? It's like it was meant to be...

(pause)

And now, all I need is skin - I don't suppose -

MARGARET

Dennis! No!

(horrified)

You are **not** stealing Dirk's skin!

NANNA ALEX

I'd let him, if I were you.

MARGARET

No!

NANNA ALEX

(to MARGARET)

Don't be such a pussy!

(pause)

Think about it Margaret.

(MORE)

NANNA ALEX (CONT'D)

You get Dennis back, **and** you get  
to keep your new husband's fit,  
firm, muscular, hot, sexy body.  
(beat) Sounds like a win/win to me!

Everyone nods in agreement, we hear mumbles of "makes good sense", "sounds reasonable", "it is win, win", "I think you should Mom" around the table.

DENNIS

Then it's settled.

DENNIS gets up from his chair, drags DIRK into the kitchen.

ALICE

Hell seems to have agreed with  
Dennis, I can't believe how much  
weight he's lost.

We hear DIRK scream from the kitchen, sounds of tearing flesh. The door opens, DIRK's skinned face appears.

DIRK

Help me! Please!

DIRK is pulled back into the kitchen, the sounds continue. One final scream. Silence.

DENNIS O/S

(shouts)  
Oh. My. God! This thing is huge!  
Thank you Jesus! Hey! It's all  
blurry! Don't blur it out!

DENNIS (wearing DIRK's skin, that looks a little tight) runs naked (genitals blurred out) into the dining room, waving his new, enormous penis around (blurred out). Knocks Alice's glasses off her face.

DENNIS

Margaret! Have you **seen** the size of  
this thing!?  
(pause, awkwardly)  
Oh yeah, you have.

Everyone stares at an embarrassed MARGARET.

ALAN

So, who's for Jenga?

CUT TO:

INT. CROWLEY HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

"Interview to Camera" scene.

We see the whole family sitting around the kitchen table:  
DENNIS is wearing DIRK's skin. NANNA ALEX stands by the table  
dressed inappropriately.

MARGARET

I have my perfect family again -  
Dennis, our surly, confused  
teenaged boy -  
(ruffles FRANCIS' hair)  
- Nanna Alex lives with us now -

NANNA ALEX

(sentimental)  
- and can I just say how much I  
appreciate my kind wonderful family  
for taking me into their hearts and  
-

NANNA ALEX farts loudly, startles herself, false teeth fly  
from her mouth, clatter noisily onto the table. She stands  
there in silence.

MARGARET

(pretending that didn't  
just happen)  
We have our beautiful girls - I'm  
so pleased that we chose one of  
each.

DENNIS

Oh yeah, where would we be without  
a black character to give us that  
ever popular, relatable spin-off  
for the African-American Market?  
(laughs)  
We'd get at least two seasons out  
of that one, possibly even three.

Skinless DIRK shuffles away behind them, carrying a brown  
paper bag.

FX: Chihuahua barking.

DIRK

I'll be going then.

ALL

Bye Dirk!

DIRK pauses.

DIRK

Look, I don't mean to make a scene,  
but no one told me that my  
character was disposable; I thought  
I was in this for the whole season.

DENNIS

(irritated)  
That's something you're going to  
have to take up with your agent  
buddy. Now, if you don't mind,  
we're trying to do the denouement.

DIRK shrugs his shoulders and shuffles on.

DIRK  
OK, OK, you may have conned me out  
of my role, but at least I still  
have my dignity and self-respect as  
an artiste!

DIRK slips in fresh dog poop and falls over.

MARGARET  
(stifling a giggle/shakes  
head)  
Where were we? Oh yes,  
(looks at Dennis lovingly)  
- welcome back from the dead  
darling.

There is a knock on the kitchen door, it opens and FRED GWYNN  
stands there.

TINA  
Hey, it's Fred Gwynn from The  
Munsters - in which he played  
Herman Munster!

FRANCIS  
And, more relevantly, also from Pet  
Semetary, in which he played Jud  
Crandall, the sinister neighbor!

FRED GWYNN  
I don't mean to pee on your parade  
folks, it is good to have Dennis  
back from the dead and all - but  
remember; sometimes, dead is  
better.  
(sinister)  
Dead is better.

We see SATAN'S huge form (in blue suit) appear behind him,  
his monstrous claw raised. With a demonic snarl, he swipes  
his claw down onto FRED. The family all get splashed with  
blood.

DEMON  
(excited)  
Hey! Is this where we get to say  
the name of the show?

MARGARET  
(laughs)  
I guess it is.

DENNIS  
Well folks, that's what it's like -

ALL  
- living with Satan.  
(cheesy sitcom laugh)

Frame freezes (old-style sitcom style)

FADE TO BLACK.

**END CREDITS**